

In Memoriam

Rev. Charles Brown
Mrs. Eliza A. Brown

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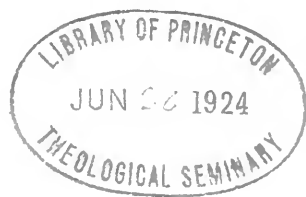
In memoriam, Rev. Charles
Brown, Mrs. Eliza A. Brown

With the regards,

of the children is of

Rev + Mrs. Charles Brown

A. J. Brown



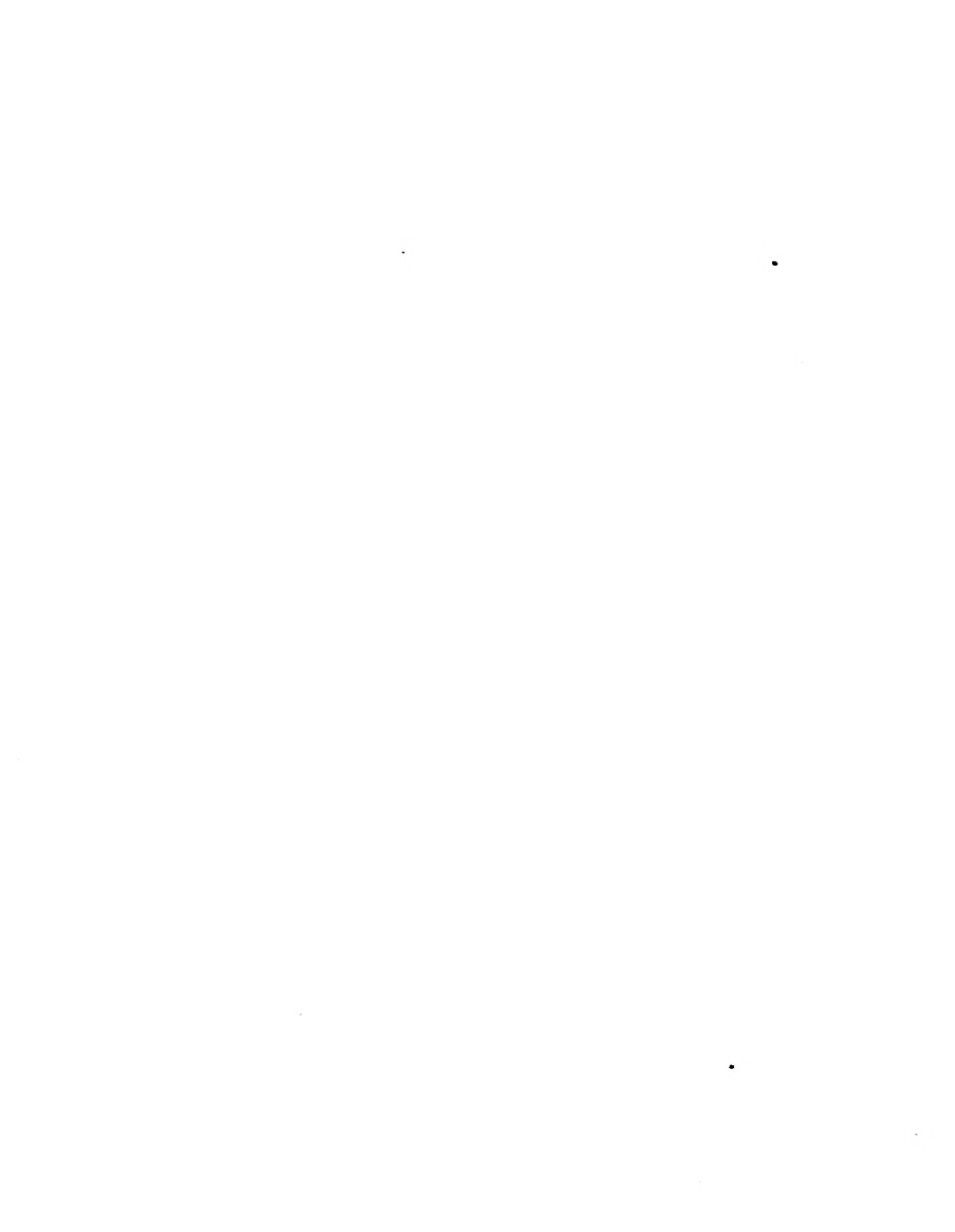
[✓]In Memoriam

REV. AND MRS. CHARLES BROWN

January 2, 1896
February 14, 1896

THESE beautiful lives were so long united in life and so briefly severed by death that, in preparing an In Memoriam, it seems almost impossible to separate them. They were married on November 24, 1835, at "Castle Hall," the ancestral home of William M. Hardcastle, Esq., the father of the bride. For over sixty years they dwelt together in loving relationship, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, entering into each other's hopes and plans, and earnestly working for the Master, to whom they had consecrated their lives. Truly, their children and all who knew them can "rise up and call them blessed," for they never wearied in doing good to others.

When the dear wife was called from this world, on January 2, 1896, it at once became apparent that her devoted husband could not long survive her, and it was pathetic to see how his feebleness increased when the wife of his love had been taken from him. On February 14, 1896, he passed from earth to heaven, there to join the wife from whom he had been separated but six weeks. Sixty years of happy married life! Six weeks of separation! Then the glorious reunion for eternity, never again to pass through the agony of parting!



REV. CHARLES BROWN

Born November 30, 1805

Entered into rest February 14, 1896

Rev. Charles Brown, though of English ancestry, was born in Philadelphia, November 30, 1805. His father, Peter Brown, was born in England, and on coming to America married Miss Rebecca Hellings, also of English origin, on March 25, 1804. His father died when Mr. Brown was about five years of age, but his mother lived to be eighty-two years of age, retaining her faculties to the last. As a child he was very studious and thoughtful, and at the early age of eight years would frequently leave his young companions and go aside alone for reading and reflection. This taste for reading and meditation increased with years, and even before he decided to enter upon the ministry he had read much in theology, church history and Christian experience. When, at the age of twenty-five years, he resolved to study for the ministry, he had some thought of entering Princeton Theological Seminary, as he had several friends there who strongly urged it; but on consideration he decided that it was better for him to continue his studies in Philadelphia under Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D. D., and afterwards with Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D. D.

Although so much of a student, he did not ignore the social side of life, but had hosts of friends and was a general favorite. He was constantly called on to fill important positions, both in church and literary circles, and was looked up to as a leader, not only by his young companions, but by older people, who had respect for his opinion and judgment. This influence he possessed through his entire life, both in his family and among his friends. His mind was so clear that he could grasp things at

once, and his approval inspired confidence in any line of work. Being perfectly just and conscientious, every one felt that his advice could be trusted.

His mind was for some time greatly exercised on the subject of religion, but it was not until July 14, 1826, when he was twenty years of age, that he surrendered himself to Christ. In the first volume of his diary, which he had kept for nearly seventy years, he vividly describes the event, which, after a season of prayer, took place at noon of that day: "I felt my sins roll off from me almost as sensibly as though they had been a garment cast aside. Immediately I experienced that joy which the world can never give."

He entered then upon active work for the Master. As Mr. Benj. B. Comegys wrote of him, in 1876: " * * * Immediately after his conversion he began to pray with, and for, his young companions, and used his influence to bring them to Christ. Before the present system for the monthly distribution of tracts was established in this city, his custom was to purchase tracts and distribute them weekly among the poor living in lanes and alleys. When not yet twenty-one years old, he gathered a Sabbath-school and established weekly prayer-meetings in the northwestern suburbs of this city, from which beginnings arose one of the most prosperous churches of that neighborhood. That church has written its history and speaks of Mr. Brown's labors as the beginning of its existence.

While yet a student, his attention was directed to the religious condition of Manayunk, Roxborough and the Falls of Schuylkill. In these places he was very useful in promoting the spiritual interests of the people. His efforts contributed largely to the organization of the Presbyterian Church of Manayunk, and the church at Roxborough was the immediate

fruit of the popular meetings which he established and conducted on Sabbath and Thursday evenings during the winter and part of the spring of 1833.

After his licensure, he entered on pastoral life in Maryland, where his ministry was very successful. Several years after, when contending parties were preparing for the division of our denomination, Mr. Brown was called to a church in Delaware, which was much disturbed by the spirit of disunion, and was in danger of dissolution. But by his prudence and firmness he was the means of saving that church; for in less than three months after he had taken charge of it, harmony was restored and his relations to that people were among the most happy of his life. He left them only because his health failed. And now on that same field, which he so well cultivated alone, more than thirty-five years ago, there are three substantial Presbyterian churches, all of which highly respect Mr. Brown, and one of which desired a renewal of his pastoral services when he was nearly fifty-nine years of age.

After his return to Philadelphia, and when his health was restored, his attention was called to the First Presbyterian Church of Fairmount. Its condition was almost hopeless. It was so reduced in numbers and influence as to render it doubtful whether an effort should be made to revive it. Some members of Presbytery, however, who knew something of Mr. Brown's prudence and perseverance in desperate cases, and that he never failed to accomplish any good work when he undertook it, prevailed on him to take this church in hand, which he felt at the time to be the severest act of self-denial he had ever been called to perform. After much effort, success attended his labors, and they resulted in his building the new church near Logan Square. While this church was never in possession of much

wealth, it was, for a long time, one of the most prosperous in spiritual fruit. During twenty consecutive years the numbers added to it on profession of faith, much exceeded the average additions to the other churches of Presbytery, most of which were among the largest in the city.

In the beginning of his labors at Fairmount he preached three times on the Sabbath for some months ; that is, he preached morning and evening in his church, and in the afternoon at Mantua, which extra labor had an influence in the organization of the First Presbyterian Church (Northminster) of Mantua. Among the historical sermons to be preached in this Centennial year, giving histories of the churches, there will be found accounts of at least *four churches* whose origin can be traced to the early labors of Mr. Brown.

For eight years he was Secretary of the Philadelphia Education Society, and for six years Secretary of the Ministerial Relief Fund. In both of these offices he was very successful in obtaining all the means that were needed to carry forward efficiently the enterprises which he represented. He accepted the office of Secretary only because of medical advice to withdraw from pastoral life for a season, in order to improve his health. Mr. Brown has had twenty-five years experience of pastoral life, and in all that period he held the affections of his people, and never had discord, either in the congregation or in the church session. His reputation as a pastor was such, that while in charge of the Logan Square Church, he was invited to ten or eleven other churches, all of which invitations he quietly declined."

It will be seen by this letter of Mr. Comegys, written twenty years ago, that Mr. Brown was very successful in the organization of churches, and also as a peacemaker, being

called on very frequently to act as moderator of the session in churches which were divided and in danger of dissolution. Other articles in this memoir will tell of his different pastorates and the various offices he held until he was eighty years of age, when he felt that the time had come for him to retire from active service.

An interesting incident occurred in connection with his early missionary labors. "At a meeting of Synod, held in 1858, he was called upon to give a history of his work in starting the Green Hill Presbyterian Sunday-school. When he closed his remarks, a gentleman in the congregation arose, and said that he had especial reason to remember the school of thirty years ago. He and a company of lads were accustomed on the Sabbath to play at ball on the commons that abounded in what was then the outskirts of the city. One Sunday a young man passed while they were at play, and courteously reproved them for breaking the commands of God. They made light of it, and attempted to turn his reproof to ridicule ; but arrows were left in the hearts of three of the boys which rankled there concealed, without either knowing the thought of the other. They renounced their Sunday sport ; the party was broken up. The three continued to be seriously concerned for the salvation of their souls, until they obtained evidence that they were Christians. One of them is a useful Episcopal minister of the Gospel at the West ; another is a pious lawyer at the South ; the third, the speaker, a Superintendent of a Sunday-school in this city ; 'and,' he added, 'the young man who addressed us on that day was the speaker who has just taken his seat, now the Rev. Charles Brown.' This will illustrate the fruitfulness of *seed sown by the wayside*."

[From the *American Presbyterian* of Oct. 28, 1858.]

It is a remarkable fact that the last *pulpit* discourse delivered by Mr. Brown was at the anniversary of the Green Hill Sunday-school which he had organized just *sixty years* before. He had been earnestly solicited by the superintendent and other officers to make an address on that occasion.

Mr. Brown was elected Stated Clerk of the Fourth Presbytery of Philadelphia on April 18, 1848, which office he held for eight years, when he resigned the clerkship, April 8, 1856. He was sent as commissioner to the General Assembly (in session at Buffalo) by the Fourth Presbytery of Philadelphia, in May, 1853, and by the Third Presbytery in May, 1863, and by the Third Presbytery again in May, 1870, that is, to the General Assembly of the Re-united Church.

Thus his whole life, from the time he was twenty years of age, was spent in earnest work for the Master. Although for the past ten years retired from active labor, he never lost an opportunity of exhorting his friends, especially the young, to seek the Lord, and earnestly urged them to work for the Master. In the bodily weakness and feebleness of the last two years he resembled the Apostle John, who, though too old and infirm to any longer preach the Gospel, could in his failing strength point the way to the Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ. His mental faculties were perfect to the last. He passed from this world just as his dear wife had gone, and as he longed to do, he fell asleep—yes, “fell asleep in Jesus.” Frequently during the closing weeks of his life would he repeat the last verse of a poem which he composed in 1882, entitled “Philadelphia.”

There is a city of celestial build,
Whose peerless splendor far outshines the sun ;
May that sweet home, with love and gladness filled,
Receive us all when this life's work is done.

Truly, when he went up yonder, did he receive the welcome "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." As a minister of the Gospel, he was true to his trust, fearlessly proclaiming the truth, earnestly working for the salvation of souls, and tenderly ministering to the sorrowing, sick and dying. As an officer in various Boards, he was conscientious, upright and faithful in the discharge of duty. As a friend, true and constant, steadfast to the end. As a husband, loving and devoted, frequently saying that his wife was faultless in his eyes. As a father, kind, unselfish and self-sacrificing, rejoicing in the welfare of the children who were so dear to him, and who are bowed with sorrow that he has been taken from their midst. His character was marked by purity, modesty and uprightness.

Pure and upright was his life,
Free from bitterness and strife,
Faithful, conscientious, true
In all that he was called to do.

Loved and honored by his friends,
His influence far and wide extends ;
And through his preaching of the Word
Many hearts have turned to God.

Dear father, from our loneliness
We rise up now to praise and bless
The loving care and counsel wise
With which you did enrich our lives.

United now in heaven above
With those whom you so dearly love,
Fond parents whom we sadly miss,
You're resting now in perfect bliss.

L. W. B.

Funeral Services

At his residence, 4013 Spruce Street
February 17, 1896

HYMN

“ Jesus, Lover of my soul ”

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES

By Rev. Stephen W. Dana, D. D.

PRAYER

By Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, D. D.

ADDRESS

By Rev. Stephen W. Dana, D. D.

One passage of Scripture has been constantly in my mind since the death which calls us together at this hour. It is 2 Samuel, 1 : 23 : “ Saul and Jonathan were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.” Such is our feeling toward this husband and wife whose happy marriage had been so exceptional in its length and who in death are not divided. Six weeks ago we met to pay our last tribute of respect to the beloved wife and mother. Only six weeks before that funeral, this aged couple had celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. It is not surprising that our departed brother, with this devoted companion of years removed, weakened by former sickness, should have longed to go. Earth for him had few attractions ; heaven was bright with anticipation.

One is seldom permitted to live to be ninety years of age.

When our friend was a child, the traditions of Washington and of other illustrious heroes in the War of Independence were fresh in mind. We are now nearly thirty-one years from the close of our Civil War. Thirty-one years after the War of Independence, Mr. Brown was a boy of nine. When seven, the War of 1812 occurred, so that by tradition and actual experience and observation he was personally familiar with the one hundred and twenty years of our national life. At an early age he became a Christian and entered upon the ministry, having been born in this city, and was ordained by the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia in 1833, so that he has been in this sacred office nearly sixty-three years.

He was successively pastor of the churches of Greensborough, Mispillion, Drawyers, and Port Penn. He was afterward Secretary of the Philadelphia Tract Society, and from 1842 to 1855 pastor of the Logan Square Presbyterian Church, of Philadelphia. For eight years he was Corresponding Secretary of the Philadelphia Education Society, and from 1864 until 1870 Secretary of the Ministerial Relief Fund in connection with the New School Presbyterian Church. At the reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church he was elected Treasurer of this Ministerial Fund, which office he retained until he was compelled to resign, owing to failing health and advancing years. For thirty-five years he was also the Secretary of the Presbyterian Ministerial Association, faithful and accurate in all his duties, greatly respected and beloved by his brethren.

When I first came to this parish, in 1868, his family were members of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, and he was a constant attendant, when not preaching. For many years, while carrying on his duties as Secretary, he supplied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church in Darby. The other ministers of

this parish at the time of my installation were Albert Barnes, Rev. Dr. John W. Dulles, and Rev. Samuel W. Crittenden.

It is the rather general opinion that ministers who have been pastors and leaders themselves do not make the most comfortable parishioners when called upon to accept the spiritual leadership of another. I am happy to say that this has not been my experience, and I wish to take this public opportunity of testifying to the uniform kindness which I have received from the ministers who first welcomed me to this parish; from other ministers who have come and gone since that time, and from those who still remain.

Mr. Brown was a man of unusually high honor. He had no little jealousies toward his brethren. He was not a retailer of ministerial or ecclesiastical gossip. His mind was of unsullied purity. Personally, Mr. Brown could not have been kinder had I been a son, and his warm friendship was most highly prized. His voice was often heard at our mid-week services. Though having long experience as a pastor, he was not forward in pressing his own views as to the best methods of administering a parish, though very kind to impart his counsel when sought.

He was a most affectionate husband and father, a kind neighbor, an unselfish and devoted friend, a sincere Christian. His memory will ever be a precious one to us all, and his influence for good will continually abide. We are grateful for his long and honored life, for his fidelity as a Christian minister, for all that he was to us, and to so many others, during the years which nearly span a century.

ADDRESS

By Rev. William C. Cattell, D.D.

A long, useful and honored life is closed by the death of our venerated father. Few men, indeed, reach the advanced age that God allotted to him, and among these there are but few whose lives have been ennobled by such continuous faithful service as he rendered to God and to his fellow-men. In the successive pastorates which he filled, and in his subsequent official positions in the Church, he showed the same spirit of rare consecration. He was prompt, faithful, painstaking and laborious in the performance of his duties. In his personal relations he was always kind, gentle, thoughtful for others, and singularly unostentatious, so that he won the affection as well as the respect of those with whom he came in contact. No wonder that his old age was so peaceful and happy.

Though I have been acquainted with Father Brown for many years, it was not until he retired from the active and public service of the Church that I came to know him well. For a little while I was associated with him in the Board of Ministerial Relief—for he was still the Treasurer of the Board when I entered upon my duties as its Secretary, in 1884. He was then in his eightieth year, and in the brief time we were together I saw, in his daily life, enough to enable me to speak from my own knowledge of that fidelity and conscientious performance of his work, to which I have referred.

As is well known, he was the executive officer of the Relief Fund, in the New School branch of our Church, from the organization of that fund, in 1864, until the reunion of the two branches, in 1870. To this office he brought many special qualifications, not the least among which was his previous service as the Corresponding Secretary of the Philadelphia

Education Society, designed to help young men to enter the ministry of the Presbyterian Church.

These two Ministerial Boards, one aiding young men entering the ministry, and the other aiding such as reach a dependent, helpless old age, are obviously knit together by a sacred bond. At the reunion of the two branches of the Church, in 1870, this Relief Fund was united with that of the Old School, which was the earlier organized, and had for some years been served with singular devotion and fidelity by that truly blessed man of God, Dr. Hale. It was agreed by all, that the services of both men should be retained for the important work committed by the united Church to the new Board. It was left to them to decide which office each should assume. And here Father Brown gave proof of that unselfishness and thoughtful consideration for others which always characterized him. Knowing that Dr. Hale, who was the Secretary of the older society, was anxious to occupy the executive office, he chose for himself the position of Treasurer, though at a less salary than the secretaryship and involving more of laborious details. This was at three-score years and ten, a time of life when most men lay down the burden of official and public life, to seek in retirement the repose which old age craves.

For ten years he wrought in his new position with the same diligence and fidelity which he had always given to everything he took in hand. He then retired, saying in his letter to the Board: "As I have now entered upon my eightieth year, prudence would suggest that the labors and anxieties incidental to the duties of a Treasurer should devolve upon one with more vigor of body and mind than I now possess." * * * In this letter, after referring to his "daily labor for more than twenty years for the advancement of the Ministerial Relief cause," he

continues : "It is needless to say that my sympathies have entered deeply into the work which has long occupied my time. It has been my frequent prayer for many years that God would send into our treasury all the means necessary for the successful prosecution of our work ; that He would give to the Board wisdom for the right administration of the Fund, and that He would greatly bless the brethren who, in their poverty and affliction, were receiving aid from the Fund." And the Board, in taking official action upon his retirement, bore testimony that he had "discharged the trusts committed to him with singular fidelity, accuracy and delicate consideration towards those for whose welfare the Relief Fund has been established ;" and they added, " Our personal associations with Brother Brown have been of the most agreeable nature, and such as to establish in us the deep conviction of his integrity, purity, and excellent Christian character. We shall ever cherish toward him fraternal desires that peace, comfort and the approving smile of Heaven may gild the decline of his earthly life until that life shall be merged into the Heavenly glory."

Those of us, his neighbors and friends, who have been privileged to know Father Brown in his home during these declining years of his life, can testify that they were years of "peace and comfort." His mind was unimpaired to the last, and his bodily health was good, save only for the weakness that came with his patriarchal age.

Here, in this home, where almost to the very close of his long life he enjoyed the companionship of the beloved one with whom for sixty years he had lived a married life of rare happiness ; here, where his devoted children vied with each other in loving and tender ministrations to their aged parents ; here, in this home of refinement and peace, the smile of Heaven did "gild

the decline of his earthly life ; " and we, recalling this darkened house of mourning, to which we came only six weeks ago, when the patriarch's head was bowed beside the dear mother in Israel, robed for her burial, are sure that his life, like hers, has merged into the Heavenly glory. So soon have they met to be separated no more forever.

ADDRESS

By Rev. Francis L. Robbins, D. D.

I am asked to add a few words to what has been said. This man of God, whose span of life was so unusually prolonged, whose abundant and useful labors are now consummated and crowned by death, was a man who ever seemed to be living near to the heart of God—a man of profound spiritual-mindedness—a man who walked with God. He made upon me, as doubtless upon others, the impression that Jesus Christ was to him a sweet and powerful personality ; that he saw the radiant light which shone in His eyes, and that because of the sense of this Divine Presence, he was set round by a wall of celestial defence, kept and sustained amid life's thick perils. In all men whose ideals are high, whose lives are true and good, character is greatest—greater than the most shining gifts, accomplishments, deeds.

Measured by dignity, elevation, purity, worth of character, Charles Brown was second to none. In that character were blended the highest and the tenderest qualities ; unswerving fidelity to truth and duty and goodness, with self-forgetfulness, gentleness, modesty, steadfast affection. The spirit of the gospel of love and all charitableness dwelt in his bosom. Hence he commanded moral esteem. Sincerity always does this. Wide in his sympathies, warm and true in his attachments, he made friends and retained them.

During the many years of our acquaintance, I have never known him, by act or speech, to lower his high standard, compromise truth of character, wound the sensitiveness of Christian courtesy or betray the obligations of comradeship. It was my privilege to pray with him and commune with him in respect to our common Christian hope and heritage a few weeks since. It was in vivid evidence that he was leaning his frail, failing humanity on the support of his mighty Saviour, and resting calmly in the Everlasting Arms. He assured me of his firm conviction that the best in human experience and human destiny was before him, not behind him. I felt then, and affirm now, that the life and labors and triumphant confidence in the front of swift advancing dissolution is a final and decisive answer to the question: "Is life worth living?"

Alas, and alas! but how sadly true it is, doubters and deniers are about us, to whom life is a doubtful boon, without certainties, vacant of supreme moral interests and issues. Invoke their opinions and ask, Do human intelligences, faculties, affections, powers of personality and life outlast the ruin of the body and find exercise and hope in another economy of conscious existence? They answer: We do not know. We neither affirm nor deny. It is beyond the power of men to determine. The centuries have never been able to answer the momentous question asked by the patriarch of an elder time, "If a man die shall he live again?" Is it so? Then is life on this earth tragic and desolate, and human destiny an outcome of darkness and despair. Then what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. Moral beliefs underlying those religious hopes and fears which, more than any other influence, determine our moral conditions, and even our intellectual life, are instantly vacated of solemnity and significance. Man lives

under bewildering cross lights and disastrous conditions. Humanity is the highest object of reverence, self-approval the strongest motive to virtue, and, as all action must be in its own sphere, man is, of course, powerless for his own deliverance and uplifting. What, then, becomes of high aspirations? Where shall we bestow the treasures of the heart? What shall we do with those capacities of love and tenderness, those energies of adoration and worship which overflow and sweep beyond all human relations, and which only a God of infinite goodness can elicit and hold in unimpeded exercise?

Are we, then, made in vain? Is darkness our starting place and darkness our goal? Perish the thought! Such a life as this we are contemplating, such a character as this we are holding up to the light for honorable recognition, forbid the dreary suggestion.

Charles Brown was not mistaken. He knew "whom he believed." He had the credentials within. He felt that God is, and that He is our friend, and that a moral God could not possibly disappoint expectations which He had himself authorized and invited. Was he not justified in this brave confidence, and in his conviction that the best is not behind, but before the child of God—ever before him? Surely we are not called into life, and invested with unquenchable aspirations for the attainment of imperishable excellence, and with powers susceptible of endless growth and improvement, and then thrust down into darkness and nothingness.

Has God no pity—no tears? Is He less humane, tender, just, honest, honorable than man? He knoweth our frame. He hath made us mortal, and yet hath set eternity in our hearts. He cannot disappoint our religious instincts. Our eyes have

seen and our hands have handled the Word of life, and he that hath the Son hath life, and can never die ; and where the Christ of the Cross of the Resurrection is, there we shall be in due time. I expect to meet this man whom God hath taken to Himself, and hidden from us for a season, again. I expect to be filled again with the society of loved ones who have passed on (dearer because dead), who are now before the Throne. I expect to see the King in His beauty, and dwell in the house with many mansions forever.

The best is always, and will always be before us. O ! my friends, God is good.

PRAYER

By Rev. S. W. Dana, D. D.

HYMN

“ Father, whate’er of earthly bliss.”

BENEDICTION

By Rev. J. Stuart Dickson

INTERMENT AT SOUTH LAUREL HILL

Services at the grave by Rev. John De Witt, D. D.

The following personal friends were selected as honorary pall-bearers :

REV. W. C. CATTELL, D. D.,

REV. H. A. NELSON, D. D.,

REV. F. L. ROBBINS, D. D.,

REV. H. CLAY TRUMBULL, D. D.,

REV. JOHN DE WITT, D. D.,

REV. W. W. HEBERTON,

MR. BENJ. B. COMEGYS.

Tributes

Rev. Charles Brown was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in November, 1805, educated in the same city, and was licensed and ordained by the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia in 1833. For the first six years he ministered, successively, to the churches of Greensborough, Mispillion, Drawyers and Port Penn. He was Secretary of the Philadelphia Tract Society in 1841, and pastor of the Logan Square Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia from 1842 until 1855, when he became City Agent of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, and held the office for three years. He was Corresponding Secretary of the Philadelphia Education Society from 1858 until 1864, and Secretary of the Relief Fund for Disabled Ministers (N. S.) from 1864 until 1870, when, on the reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church, he was elected Treasurer of the united fund. For nearly seven years Mr. Brown preached regularly to the First Church of Darby, in addition to his labors as Corresponding Secretary, and for thirty-five years the Philadelphia Presbyterian Ministerial Association was favored with his weekly services as its Recording Secretary.

Mr. Brown's life was one of steady, Christian consistency and of diligent activity and marked usefulness in the Master's service. In all the congregations of which he was pastor he held the affections of his people, prosecuted his work without any discord among them, and his labors were attended with the Divine blessing. The origin of at least four churches can be traced to his early and earnest labors. He filled all the offices to which the Church called him with great fidelity and satisfaction, and deservedly enjoyed the confidence and affection of his brethren.

From the *Presbyterian Encyclopedia*.

The Rev. Charles Brown, the senior member of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, died at his home, in West Philadelphia, on Friday, February 14. He was born in Philadelphia in the year 1805, and was therefore in the ninety-first year of his age. A few months ago he and his venerable wife celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage, and last month Mrs. Brown was borne to the grave. They are now reunited in the presence of Christ. Mr. Brown began his ministry in the State of Maryland, and afterwards became pastor of the Logan Square Church, Philadelphia. His chief service of the Church was as the Treasurer of the Fund for Disabled Ministers, to which he was elected in the year 1870. While performing the duties of this office he was constantly preaching the gospel, as opportunity offered, and for a number of years supplied the pulpit of the First Church of Darby. He was a man greatly beloved, a devout servant of Christ, a conscientious and faithful pastor, and an earnest preacher of the gospel. His old age was beautiful and saintly, and he descended slowly into the grave, rejoicing in the hope of a blessed immortality in the presence of the Redeemer, whom he loved and had long preached.

From *The Presbyterian* (Phila.)

Rev. Charles Brown, the oldest Presbyterian clergyman in Philadelphia, Pa., died February 14th, in his ninety-first year. He was a native of Philadelphia, and was ordained in 1833. For thirty-five years he was secretary of the Presbyterian Ministerial Association of his native city.

From *The American Register*, London, England, March 7, 1896.

Obituary notices appeared also in *The Presbyterian Journal*, *The Public Ledger, Press* and other Philadelphia papers; in *The New York Evangelist* and *New York Herald*, and in *The Herald and Presbyter* of Cincinnati.

In September, 1826, a few young men connected with the Presbyterian Church commenced systematic efforts to promote religion by means of Sabbath-school instruction and prayer-meetings, in the village of Francisville, then quite remote from the limits of the city.

About this time Charles Brown (now Rev. Charles Brown, of Philadelphia), a young man not yet of age, from the centre of the city, visited the village for the purpose of Christian labor. He found a few children ready to receive his instructions, and obtaining the assistance of another youth, younger than himself, named John Summers, the two carried on the school for about three years. A few others joined them in their labors as the number of scholars increased. The field they attempted thus to cultivate extended from Broad Street to the River Schuylkill, and from Callowhill Street to what is now called Girard Avenue. Occasionally, children were gathered into the school who resided even beyond the limits just named. Some came from Bush Hill, Fairmount and other remote places. Over this broad space the houses were thinly scattered, but none were left unvisited by these youthful pioneers. Wherever there was a prospect of finding a child, thither they bent their way. During the first year of their labors, as many as one hundred and seventy-two children were enrolled upon their list of scholars.

But the efforts of Mr. Brown and his companions were not confined to the Sabbath-school alone. Prayer-meetings were soon established by them. These meetings were held once and sometimes twice a week ; occasionally in the little brick church held by the Episcopalians, but oftener in private houses, ten or twelve of which had been opened for the purpose.

These meetings grew in character and influence until the

whole village was affected by them. They, as well as the Sabbath-school, encountered much opposition. Men, infidel in sentiment and wicked in practice, did all in their power to counteract the influence now so widely prevailing, and for a while they seemed to be successful. But, as opposition arose, friends gathered around the devoted band. * * * The labors of Mr. Brown and his companions in sustaining the prayer-meetings were untiring. They went from the city through all kinds of weather, oftentimes when the rain was pouring in torrents and when it was so dark that they could not see their own length on the road before them. But nothing deterred them, neither heat, nor cold, nor rain, nor darkness, nor, what was still worse, the determined hatred and opposition of their foes. But they had their reward. They remembered that their Bible said they should reap in due season if they fainted not, and God kept alive their faith and zeal. Of the teachers who labored in this school between September, 1826, and August, 1829, five afterwards entered the Gospel ministry, namely, Charles Brown, John Summers, James Clarke, Robert Clarke and J. Hunterson.

In 1829, Charles Brown retired from the school he had so successfully sustained, and the management of it devolved upon different persons, whose services extended through a term of seventeen years, until the present church was organized from it.

From the "History of the Green Hill Presbyterian Church," published in 1859.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY AND RESPECT

Report of the Committee of the Ministerial Association on the death of
Rev. Charles Brown, on February 14, 1896

The Presbyterian Ministerial Association fondly remember the Rev. Charles Brown, who departed this life on Friday, February 14, 1896, in the ninety-first year of his age. For a period of thirty-five years he was the Secretary of our Association, which position he relinquished some years ago because of his advancing age. His courtesy and close attention to the duties of the position placed us under great obligation to him, and after twenty years of service our Association presented him a slight token of our esteem, being an easy arm-chair. At the time of his resignation, in 1883, he was unanimously elected Secretary Emeritus of the Association, and the ministers thought it proper that a picture of Mr. Brown should hang in the room where he had officiated for so many years. Much to his surprise a life-size crayon appeared, and his modesty forbade that it should be hung during his lifetime.

His active and useful life was filled in his occupancy of many other relations in connection with our denomination, such as his pastorates in a number of churches in this city and contiguous places ; in his labors in originating new congregations, and in some instances in soliciting the means for the erection of edifices, and in secretaryships of various societies, especially as Secretary of the Ministerial Education Society, as Secretary and then for a number of years Treasurer of the Board of Relief for Disabled Ministers and their families. His faithfulness in all these relations is matter of record, and he is well remembered by a large number of ministers in our city and vicinity who were associated with him in his labors and who

now desire to express their appreciation of him ; and who also extend their sympathy to his surviving family circle. It is also to us matter of gratitude and praise to our Heavenly Father and Redeemer, that our brother was so favored with clearness of mind and bodily strength and Christian patience during the latter days of his advanced age, and for the assurance we have that, though he is now absent from the body, he is present with our Lord Jesus Christ.

Signed by

A. CULVER,
THOMAS MURPHY,
WM. HUTTON,

Philadelphia, Feb. 24, 1896.

Committee.

[This minute was adopted by the Association, Monday morning, February 24, 1896, and transmitted to the family by request of the Association.]

WM. HUTTON,

Secretary.

MINUTE OF THE PRESBYTERY OF PHILADELPHIA RELATIVE TO THE DEATH OF THE REVEREND CHARLES BROWN

The Rev. Charles Brown, the oldest member of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, passed peacefully away on February 14, 1896. His death occurred just six weeks after the death of his beloved wife, to whom he had been married a little more than sixty years. Mr. Brown was in the ninety-first year of his age, having been born in Philadelphia in November, 1805. He was ordained by the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia in 1833, and had thus been in this sacred office nearly sixty-three years. He was successively pastor of the churches of Greensborough, Mispillion, Drawyers and Port Penn. He was afterwards Secretary of the Philadelphia Tract Society, and from 1842 to 1855 pastor of the Logan Square Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. For

eight years he was Corresponding Secretary of the Philadelphia Education Society, and from 1864 until 1870 Secretary of the Ministerial Relief Fund in connection with the New School Presbyterian Church. At the reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church he was elected Treasurer of this Ministerial Fund, which office he retained until he was compelled to resign, owing to failing health and advancing years. For several years, while Secretary of the Ministerial Relief Fund, he supplied the pulpit in the Presbyterian Church at Darby. For a long term of years he was also the Secretary of the Presbyterian Ministerial Association, faithful and accurate in all his duties, greatly respected and beloved by his brethren.

He was a man of unusually high honor, with a mind of unsullied purity, always manifesting true Christian courtesy in his intercourse with others. His long life was one of great usefulness, industry and consecration. In his home life he was peculiarly tender and affectionate as husband and father, and greatly beloved by all who were so closely akin to him.

The Presbytery would place upon its minutes its deep sense of loss in the departure of this brother, and would tender to his afflicted family its heartfelt sympathy.

Attest : W. M. RICE,
Stated Clerk.

[A true extract from the Minutes of the Presbytery of Philadelphia.]

MRS. ELIZA A. BROWN

Born April 1, 1808

Entered into rest January 2, 1896

Mrs. Brown was of English ancestry. She was the daughter of William M. and Anne Colston Hardcastle, and was born at the homestead, "Castle Hall," in Caroline County, Maryland, on April 1, 1808. Her father was very prominent in Maryland, having represented his State in the legislature for twenty-two years. His hospitable mansion was known far and wide, and has been beautifully described in a poem entitled "Castle Hall," written by his son-in-law, Rev. Charles Brown, in 1860, and dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Hardcastle. Mr. Hardcastle lived to the advanced age of nearly ninety-six years, retaining his faculties to the end, his wife having passed away nine years before at the age of seventy-seven, in full possession of a clear and bright mind. They would have celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage, if Mrs. Hardcastle had lived four months longer.

Mrs. Brown was the eldest daughter in a large family, and was always looked up to and greatly beloved by her brothers and sisters. She and her sisters were educated at the Moravian Seminary at Litiz, Pennsylvania, and her children still have the valedictory address which she delivered in 1824. Her loving, gentle disposition made her a favorite with all, and she early developed that trait which was so noticeable in her character—the desire to render loving service to her fellow beings. To the slaves on her father's estate she was always kind, and anxious to instruct them, especially in the Bible.

On March 31, 1828, she married Mr. Nathan Baynard, of Centreville, Maryland, but this happy married life was of short

duration, for Mr. Baynard died of pulmonary trouble at the early age of twenty-one, December 24, 1828, at Nice, Italy, whither he had gone in search of health. In January her little daughter Nataline was born, who was so well known and loved first, as Nataline Baynard, and then as Mrs. Nataline Baynard Dulles, second wife of the late Rev. John W. Dulles, D. D. On November 24, 1835, Mrs. Baynard became the wife of Rev. Charles Brown, who was then pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Greensborough, Maryland. What she was as the wife of a pastor can only be fully known to those to whom she ministered in tender love and sympathy. She visited the poor and sick, comforted the sorrowing, and helped her husband in every way to spread and exemplify the Gospel of Christ. When they removed to Philadelphia, she became interested in various philanthropic works. She was a manager of the Union Benevolent Association, the Northern and Union Temporary Homes for Friendless Children, being Secretary of the latter for a number of years, and also interested in the Foster Home. She earnestly engaged in visiting the poor and in distributing tracts, and was a teacher in the Sabbath-school until March of 1876, when the shock and grief of her daughter's death rendered her unable to continue in that work. But she never lost her interest in the Sabbath-school, for she was a regular attendant as long as her strength would permit at the Bible Class of the Walnut Street Church, of which Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, D. D., is the teacher. She was the first Secretary of the Women's Missionary Society of the Walnut Street Church, which was organized in November, 1870. She was in the truest sense a friend, and how that friendship was prized has been testified by the many beautiful tributes of love and respect to her memory. Her death, which

took place on January 2, 1896, was a painful surprise to her large circle of friends, who greatly mourn her loss. Endowed with a loving, gentle disposition, her sweet, attractive manner won the affection of all who knew her. Possessed with a remarkably clear mind, good judgment and great strength of character, her opinion was always valued by those seeking guidance.

Although nearly eighty-eight years of age, she was constantly adding to her store of knowledge by reading and writing. But it was in her home that she was pre-eminently lovely and useful. Although during her husband's pastorates she was so active in church and philanthropic work and in social life, she was ever the light of her home, a devoted wife and mother, loving, unselfish and sympathetic, aiding her husband, guiding her children, and "looking well to the ways of her household." When she was taken from their midst, her aged husband and sorrowing children were stricken with grief at their loss. But her "going home" was just as she wished it. She fell "asleep in Jesus." As her pastor said, "It was a beautiful ending of a beautiful life."

The beautiful life is ended,
The life so full of love,
And our precious, darling mother
Has gone to her home above.
But our hearts are full of anguish
At parting from one so dear,
And life is oh ! so desolate
To those of us lingering here.
Her sweet and pure example
Sheds a radiance almost Divine ;
She earnestly worked for the Master
And wisely used her time.
Fond wife and loving mother,
True counsellor and friend,
Your influence will not leave us,
We'll prize it to the end.

Funeral Services

At her residence, 4013 Spruce Street

January 6, 1896

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES

By Rev. Stephen W. Dana, D. D.

ADDRESS

By Rev. Stephen W. Dana, D. D.

Met in this home of sorrow, there is much of joy and thanksgiving mingled with our sadness. We are grateful for this long and honored life, so beautiful, so true. What love has centered in this home, and gone from it during all these years! What a wife and mother she has been; what a true helpmate to her husband during the years of his active ministry! What a sympathetic companion during these later years of his old age and weakness! Their married life has been an unusually long and happy one; for more than sixty years they have lived together in peace and joy in this highest and most sacred of all earthly relations. Recently they celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. This celebration was of a very quiet character, owing to the recent bereavement that had come upon them in the loss of a beloved granddaughter.

Though our departed friend had lived long beyond the allotted period of man's life, she was so well-preserved that we did not associate her with old age and death. She kept young in spirit, in touch with modern thought, in sympathy with young life. I wish to take this opportunity of paying a personal tribute to her memory, and in speaking in this way of all that she has been to me. I shall never forget the hearty and cordial manner in

which she and her husband welcomed me as a young man when I came to assume the pastorate of this church. From that day until this they have treated me as a son. During all these years our friendship has been unstrained. I felt sure of her prayers, her sympathy, her constant aid and co-operation. Her acts of kindness were numerous and unfailing. How much that was wrought by her hands, and wrought in love, has come to me and mine as tokens of her affection.

Every pastor knows what *one* such person is to him in the study, in the pulpit and in the parish. I am glad that I had the privilege of saying this to her in person and in expressing to her my appreciation and affection before her ears were closed in death. Having been absent from the city for several days, I did not hear of her sickness until New Year's morning, I came to her bedside that afternoon, found her mind entirely clear, her faith strong and undimmed. I saw that she felt that this was her last sickness, although I little anticipated that the end was so near. I did take occasion to thank her for all that she had been to me and the church over which I have ministered, and then, kneeling, I commended her and hers to the God of grace and salvation. That interview will ever remain as a precious memory. Her Christian influence in the home, in the church, in her wide circle of friends, among the needy and the suffering, among the rejoicing and the sorrowing will ever abide. Being dead she yet speaks to us, and will ever speak of Christian faith, hope and love. There was a poem of Mr. Whittier's of which she and her husband were very fond, and having committed it to memory, she often repeated it. There was also a prayer written by the Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, which was likewise very dear to her, and which she frequently offered as her own.

AT LAST

- “ When, on my day of life, the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.
- “ Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.
- “ Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home’s picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.
- “ I have but Thee, O Father ! Let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.
- “ Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.
- “ Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade, where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven’s green expansions
The river of Thy peace.
- “ There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing
The life for which I long,”

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A prayer written by Dr. Archibald Alexander, "God's Veterans."

"Oh, most merciful God, cast me not off in the time of old age ; forsake me not when my strength faileth. May my hoary head be found in righteousness. Preserve my mind from dotage and imbecility, and my body from protracted disease and excruciating pain. Deliver me from despondency in my declining years, and enable me to bear with patience whatever may be Thy holy will. I humbly ask that my reason may be continued to the last ; and that I may be comforted and supported : that I may leave my testimony in proof of the reality of religion and of Thy faithfulness in fulfilling Thy gracious promises. And when my spirit leaves this clay tenement, Lord Jesus, receive it. Send some of the blessed angels to convey my inexperienced soul to the mansions which Thy love has prepared : and oh, may I have an abundant entrance ministered unto me into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

This prayer, in verse by Mr. Whittier, and in prose by Dr. Alexander, was answered in the protection and support which she received in her old age and in her dying hours. Her mind was preserved clear ; her faith, her patience and her submission failed not. It was a beautiful ending to a beautiful life.

HYMN

"Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

ADDRESS

By Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, D. D.

The apostle reminds us that though we have ten thousand instructors in Christ, we have not many fathers ; that though we have learned lessons of goodness and of Christian truth from a host of those about us and above us, it is rarely that we can look up to one as a child looks to a parent, in loving confidence and in reverent admiration. It is equally true that

though we know many a godly woman, we do not, in our whole life-time, know many a Christian mother, who exhibits toward all who know her a mother's love, a mother's tenderness, a mother's sympathy, and wins from us a child's love and confidence and reverent admiration.

I am sure that I speak the feelings of many in this gathering, as well as my own feelings, when I say that dear Mrs. Brown was a mother beloved to us, that she stood pre-eminent in this community as a "Mother in Israel," and as such is mourned and honored by many of her children beyond those in her closer home circle, because of her illustration of those traits of motherliness that cause us all to feel that

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

The influence of this dear mother in Christ over us all was very real and very positive; not assertive, but pervasive. It was the influence of a strong gentleness, and of a wise goodness, more effective than any loud speech or excited manner could ever be; as the quiet, calm flow of oil on the tempest-tossed waves soothes into rest and peace what the winds and the sea have roused into lashing turbulence.

Child-like as is all Christ-likeness, she was to the last a loving learner at the feet of her Saviour. It was my privilege to be for fifteen years the leader of a Bible-class which she attended, and in which she showed a uniform and deep interest. Always alert and intent as a listener and as a Bible student, she was prompt in the expression of her personal testimony; and I felt the inspiration of her presence and co-operation there, and am grateful for her example and influence. God granted to her a beautifully completed life. It was not in any sense cut short.

Her sun descended in a clear, shining light to its very horizon, and its full orb beamed on us even to the hour when it disappeared from our sight to shine on in another sphere in unbroken and eternal day.

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints,” not merely their life, but their death. Precious in the sight of the Lord, but a cause of tears to our eyes. We cannot but sorrow when those dear to us are taken from our sight by death. Nor is it wrong for us to miss and mourn them. Surely if Jesus himself wept at the grave of Lazarus which he was about to open and bring back the dead, He will not wonder that we weep at graves which are not to open until the Resurrection morning.

Our hearts are sad at the absence of this dear mother in Israel whom we loved, even while our hearts are glad that her life was so lovely and so full of blessing to so many.

HYMN

“ Abide with me ”

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

By Rev. Stephen W. Dana, D. D.

INTERMENT AT SOUTH LAUREL HILL

Services at the grave by Rev. Stephen W. Dana, D. D.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT AND SYMPATHY

At the regular meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Walnut Street Church, Monday, January 6th, the announcement was made of the decease of Mrs. Charles Brown, one of the original members of the Society, its first secretary, and one to whose labors and prayers much of its growth and prosperity are due.

With one accord, it was resolved that we tender our deepest sympathy to the family of our departed friend, mingling our tears with theirs, at the loss sustained in the departure of this Mother in Israel.

We remember her labors of love in the years that are past, and her presence at our meetings so long as health and strength were spared to her, and we know that her thoughts and prayers were unceasing in behalf of our work, when physical infirmities prevented her from meeting with us.

God has called her home, and we shall miss her pleasant smile and her loving greeting; but in the richness of our Father's love He has given us the sweet assurance that the beautiful life so enjoyed and treasured by the dear ones in her home, and so beneficent in its influence on all who came within its reach, has now opened into the fulness of joy and blessedness, that is "forever with the Lord." Thus, while we mourn our loss, we rejoice in the exceeding gain of our beloved friend.

May the God of all grace make His consolations to abound in your hearts, and the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ abide in your souls, for, with the precious memories of the loved one gone before, you may link the joyful anticipation of eternal

re-union in the land where she has already beheld "the King in His beauty."

By order of Woman's Missionary Society,

Jan. 8, 1896.

JULIA A. BOGARDUS, *President.*

To Rev. Charles Brown and Family.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

PHILADELPHIA, March 12, 1896.

My Dear Friends:

At the last regular meeting of the West Philadelphia Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a Minute was adopted expressing the worth of your excellent mother, and the loss our Union sustained by so warm an advocate of temperance having been called up higher; and I was directed, as a personal friend of the family, to convey to you the warm sympathy of the Union in your great bereavement. This Minute was followed by testimonies of the value and high Christian character of your beloved mother.

With warm love, I am yours sincerely,

CORNELIA E. MOORHEAD.

We extend our heartfelt sympathies to Rev. Charles Brown, D. D., of Philadelphia, in the recent loss by death of his beloved wife. Dr. Brown is now, we believe, the oldest member of the Presbytery of Philadelphia. He has been a faithful servant of the church.

From The Presbyterian Journal.

PHILADELPHIA, January 9, 1896.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., January 6, 1896.

REV. CHARLES BROWN,
4013 Spruce Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My Dear Brother Brown :

The Presbytery of Philadelphia, in session January 6, 1896, unanimously adopted the following Minute :

“ The Presbytery of Philadelphia extends to the Reverend Charles Brown its sincere sympathy in the loss of his unselfish and devoted wife—the companion of more than sixty years.”

Permit me, in communicating this action of Presbytery, to express my own personal sympathy with you in this severe and afflictive bereavement.

Very sincerely and affectionately,

W. M. RICE,

Stated Clerk of Presbytery.

A few weeks ago, the Rev. Charles Brown, a well-known member of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, celebrated, with his wife, then living, the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage, receiving the congratulations of many friends. Last week the honored and beloved wife passed into the immediate presence of the Saviour, whom she had served for so many years on earth. Mr. Brown, now in his ninety-first year, remains in his home, and to him we tender our sincerest sympathy in the great sorrow which has come to his household.

From The Presbyterian.

PHILADELPHIA, January 8, 1896.



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